

Journal and Courier.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THREE MONTHS, \$1.50; ONE MONTH, 50 CENTS; ONE WEEK, 15 CENTS; SINGLE COPIES, 3 CENTS.

Friday, January 25, 1895.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO-DAY.

Burns Concert—Hyperion Theater.
Canned Tomatoes—Johnson & Bro.
Lily Chutney—Miley, Neely & Co.
English Partridges—L. H. Nesbit Co.
Estate of Henrietta Hooker—Probate Notice.
Fine Poultry—D. M. Welch & Sons.
Grand Shopping Emporium—A. A. Brown & Co.
Lett—Handkerchiefs—25 Broadway.
Left Bag—45 Hillhouse.
Paine's Celery Compound—At Drugists.
Howard—70 Dickerson street.
Struck Bottom—Chas. Monson Co.
Wanted—Situation—40 Grand street.
Wanted—Situation—26 Chapel street.
Wanted—Situation—10 York street.
Wanted—Land—S. L. Bletcher & Sons.
Wanted—Rooms—Mrs. J. M. This Office.

WEATHER RECORD.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF.
OF THE WEATHER BUREAU.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 24, 1895, 5 p. m.
Forecast for Friday—For New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and eastern New York: Fair; warmer; variable winds.

Local Weather Report.

FOR JANUARY 24, 1895

	A.M.	P.M.
Barometer	29.85	30.04
Temperature	15	19
Rel. Humidity	57	57
Wind Direction	W	SW
Wind Velocity	Clear	Clear
Weather	Clear	Clear

Mean temperature, 18.
Max. temperature, 22.
Min. temperature, 13.
Precipitation, 0 inches.
Max. velocity, 10 m. p. h.
Accumulated excess of daily mean temperature since January 1, 15 degrees; or an average daily excess of .47 degrees.
Total excess of precipitation since January 1, .83 inches.
U. G. MYERS, Observer.

Note.—A minus sign (—) prefixed to thermometer readings indicates temperature below zero.
"—" in connection with rainfall indicates trace of rainfall too small to measure.
"Snow" is melted and resulting depth of water not known.

LOCAL NEWS.

Brief Mention.

Buy a new house—R. E. Baldwin.
High water to-day at 11:03 a. m. and low water at 4:08 a. m.

Al. Rae, who has been seriously ill with throat trouble, is able to be about again.

Keller, the undertaker, has issued one of the most beautiful calendars of the season.

Opening of Champion's foyer. Hyperion entrance. Hot chocolate and bullion 5 cents and delicious fruit sodas 5 cents.

Owen H. Morris, aged eighty-six, an old and well known citizen, who for a long time has been proprietor of a harness shop on Brewery street, died at his home, 177 Brewery street, last evening after a few days' illness. The funeral will be held from the house of his sister, Mrs. Goodwin of Minor street on Sunday probably. Rev. Mr. Scoville of Trinity P. E. church will officiate.

J. A. well known and much esteemed former resident of Whitneyville, and who years ago held a responsible position at the Winchester armory, has been met with a great bereavement in the death of his daughter, Miss Ruth Ford Tobey, aged fifteen years. She died of pneumonia Thursday. The interment will be in Whitneyville cemetery to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon at 5 o'clock. The bereaved parents have the sincere sympathy of their many old friends here.

The Jolly Four held their first annual masquerade at Banquet hall last night. The following were awarded prizes: First gentleman prize, W. H. Everts; second gentleman prize, L. M. Griggs; first ladies' prize, Mrs. W. L. Larkins; second ladies' prize, Miss J. F. Flood. Robinson was the prompter. A fine reception was given J. P. Bree of this city, county president of the A. O. H., in St. Patrick's hall, Waterbury, last night, where he installed the new officers of the local divisions.

Mr. George A. Tobey of Newark, N. The younger members of the congregation B'nai Shalom gave a charity ball in Harmonie hall last evening. The object of the ball was to raise funds with which to build a new church. The location has not yet been decided upon. It was thought by the committee last evening that the ball would net about \$600. It was a most enjoyable affair.

The clerks and their friends of Ewen McIntyre's dray goods store gave a very pleasant private masquerade in Veru hall last night. There were fully 250 people present. There were some very pretty costumes, and young ladies to match. During the intermission Leopold, the photographer, took flash light pictures of the company present.

Poll's Wonderful Theater.

Bark Ben Achmet's troupe of acrobats have caused a big sensation in town, as is shown by the rapid transit efforts which evoked and disgruntled persons have made to decry them. The only result has been to pick the Wonder-land, as everyone knows that they would not have disturbed the others had they not been so good. The attacks which have been made on them have brought grist to Mr. Poll's financial mill, and he cordially invites their critics to come to the Wonderland and see the effect of their blank shell bombs in packing his house to the doors. They will find lots to amuse them also in the acrobatic feats of the Martinetti brothers, the comedy work of the Dixon brothers, Boyle and Graham, Archer and Garlick, Miss May Wentworth, Lewis and Mullich, and Dick and Alice Mc-Away. Next week they can come and see the great Johnson trio, Granjean and Mullich, and Dick and Alice Mc-Away. Next week they can come and see the great Johnson trio, Granjean and Mullich, and Dick and Alice Mc-Away. Next week they can come and see the great Johnson trio, Granjean and Mullich, and Dick and Alice Mc-Away.

THE BURNS ANNIVERSARY

To-night in the Hyperion Calls Forth Thoughts of the Poet's Wife, "Bonnie Jean."

Inseparably joined with the immortality of Robert Burns is the name of plain, patient Jean Armour. It was after a settlement with his Edinburgh publishers, with 5000 in his purse in the heyday of his popularity, in the latter part of April, 1788, that the famous lyric was wedded to "Bonnie Jean," and for the short and troubled remainder of his life she was the partner, not of his joys, but of his sorrows, for joys there were none. About a month previous to his marriage the poet took a lease of the farm of Ellisland in Dumfriesshire, but as there was no fit habitation connected with it he left his bride with her parents in Ayrshire pending the building of a suitable home on the newly acquired farm. During this separation he wrote and sent to her the incomparable songs "O' a' the airts the wind can blow," and "O, were I on Parnassus Hill," the former closing with:

"There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean."

And the latter with the assurance that:

"Tho' I were doomed to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand were run,
Till then—and then I'd love thee."

Both of them "love letters," the like of which few women have the privilege of receiving.

In December of that year the poet brought his wife home to the completed farm house of Ellisland, and welcomed her as follows:

"She is a winsome, wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.
The world's wrack we share o',
The warlike and the care o',
With her I'll blithely bear it,
And think may let divine."

Doubtless in their reunion they both thought their "lot divine," but:

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flits ere you can point their place,
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Vanishing amid the storm."

And so it was with Jean Armour and Robert Burns, although in his estimation she always remained:

"When all the fairest maidens were met,
The fairest maid was Bonnie Jean."

The farm refused to be remunerative, his salary as excise-man was called upon to meet his deficits and soon he was compelled to abandon his rural home for second floor rooms in the "third rate Scottish town" of Dumfries. It was at this time, when forsaken by his friends, forgotten by his country and loaded by passions that his better nature hardly kept in check, that Jean appears as the heroine, who upheld his wavering hands, dispelled his despondency and again sent his muse freely flowing from his pen.

The world has yet to realize how much it owes through Scott's hard to homely, loyal hearted "Bonnie Jean"—Bonnie only in the eyes of Robert Burns.

In that last year of their union, when he was continually racked by rheumatism and a growing weakness warned him of the surely approaching end, when the black curly locks became prematurely gray and the flashing dark eyes sodden and dull he still remained the hero to Jean, and during her long widowhood of almost forty years she never lost faith in one of his last statements to her that in a hundred years he would be here. She saw this prophecy in process of fulfillment when George IV headed a subscription with fifty guineas to have the remains of her poet removed from the obscure corner where they were first interred to a place of prominence in a mausoleum. And it was well that Jean lived to see her efforts in soothing his irritabilities, checking his impulsiveness, cheering his despondency and cheerfully bearing with him the burden of cankering care result in ever increasing fame and popularity, which like an Alpine avalanche continues to grow as roll the years till now the celebration of his birthday is perhaps the most generally observed occasion among the English speaking people. In our own city to-night the Hyperion theater will be utilized for a service of sweet song that will be in accord with Scotland's great singer.

A GREAT ARMY OF ELKS.

The Impending Spectacle Witnessed by a Hunter in Colorado.
(From the New York Sun.)

"When I read in the Sun about 20,000 elk having wintered last year in the Jackson's Hole country, south of the Yellowstone park, my thoughts ran back a few years to the day when I was the silent spectator of a tremendous migration of elk," said a young ranchman at a neighboring country club. "I passed the winter of 1885-86 on my Roubid county ranch in northwestern Colorado. Toward the middle of that winter we found that the outfit was making great inroads into the supply of venison we had hung up in the autumn. To carry us through I thought I would shoot an elk or two, if the chance came. It seems to require considerably more wild meat than domestic to appease the appetite of the average ranchman."

Just across the Tampa river from the ranch are bluffs and gulches, and beyond are the rolling sand hills extending far north of the Wyoming line. These sand hills are a famous summer cattle range. The loftiest and most prominent of them within sight of the ranch was a hill about three-quarters of a mile high. I should judge, from river to dome, mantled with a blanket of snow, every object on it could be seen fairly well. From the door of the cabin we swept that hill with the glasses at intervals for several days, and one day about noon we saw a band of elk quite well at the top, near a small cluster of cedars. While the boys quickly saddled up for me I saw that my rifle was in good order, and my horse soon carried me over the river on the ice. We went cautiously up the hill. The wind for once was just right, and I was pleased to think I could gain the cover of the

cedars without fear of being seen by the elk.

"Just before reaching them I was crossing a long, barren slope, and was greatly disconcerted to see that the elk had changed their feeding ground and were slowly strolling over a knoll at the head of the slope. They saw me quite as quickly as I did them. Their heads went up, and against the white background of the hill they looked grand. I thought they were about eight hundred yards off. As soon as I saw them I reined my horse and kept perfectly still. There was not a single bit of cover for me to turn to advantage, and my chances for getting an elk seemed small. I expected them to trot off every moment. They seemed more curious than uneasy, so I decided to move slowly toward them and try for a surer shot. Well, this was a success. Every time they showed signs of alarm I checked my horse and remained as rigid as a statue. As soon as they were quiet I would move up. This was because I was kept up until I saw it was before worn threads, so, quietly, I raised my rifle sights to the 600-yard notch, which I thought about right, slid off my horse, dropped the rifle reins over his head, and fired at a young bull.

"The snow flew on the hill where the bullet struck, and I knew I had shot too high. The effect was to bunch the band and start them off on a rapid trot. There was no time to lower sights or take careful aim, but after hastily pushing home another cartridge and holding lower on the center of the bunch as they ran, I gave them another shot, and was overjoyed to see a young two-prong bull drop like a rag. He was shot through the head. I paced the distance and found it to be just over 400 yards. I was sorry to see that my first elk did not possess a pair of antlers which I would cherish for the rest of my days, but this young bull only had two straight prongs. What he lacked in bone, however, he made up in flesh—he was prime eating. I dressed him on the spot, took out the tongue and other choice tidbits, and skinned him out beautifully with snow. Then I went to the cedars to give the boys on the ranch the signal to come up and help me get the elk in—this signal was to be a small fire.

"As I was breaking the dead limbs from one of the trees for my fire my eyes unconsciously swept the miles of rolling sand hills to the north and were attracted instantly by a dark line away off on one of the hills. I thought this odd, because everywhere and on every side was snow—nothing but the tops of the hills and knolls symmetrically rounded by the snow. The object seemed to move at times, but was so far away I could not make it out. As I watched I saw another black mass come over the top of a hill much nearer to me, and yet the first one was still in sight. Again I saw another hill mounted and I could hardly believe my eyes as I made out that they were elk coming my way.

"Here was a sight! A tremendous migration in progress! Here was something which few men had ever seen. I believed. And I believe it now. It called to me the old buffalo days I had read about. I laid myself down and barely peeped around the tree. On they came; the leaders passed not over a hundred yards from me. I noticed that when the first few had gone by, the elk were still coming over the hill where I first saw them. A mighty army they were, thousands upon thousands of them. They pushed on in an easy swing trot—gracefully, and it seemed almost without exertion. They seemed to have some organization, because as a rule they trotted four abreast, and when nearly opposite me I saw the first four files, the ones that had been in the lead, break trail, move to one side and rest, and after a time take their place in the line near the end. This picture is always with me; I consider myself more than fortunate in having beheld it.

"After they had passed, and I do not know how long this took, I went down to the trail and examined it. It was packed almost as hard as a cedar-plank road—the snow, which here was nearly two feet deep, being pounded in to the soil. The trail stretched out as far back as the eye could see, dipping here and there over the hills—the black line the silent evidence of the mighty host that had made it. Shoot? No! I would not have shot for worlds. A solitude seemed to gather about me. The occasion was one almost of solemnity. In the presence of that multitude I felt too insignificant to do anything at all. When the last one had gone on I drew a long breath and thanked my stars that I had seen such a magnificent spectacle.

"No, I never have tried to make definite figures as to the number of elk in the band. If I knew this it would render my recollection of the incident too tame and thus destroy my pleasure. It has always suited my taste to generalize rather than particularize about this sight."

January thaw in prices of Ladies' Muslin Underwear.

Worsted Hoods, long ends, all colors, reduced from \$1.38 to 98 cents.

Dark Flannelette Skirts with ruffle, full size, 25 cents. Main Floor, near Elevator.

In a nutshell, the go of Ladies' garments is thus-wise:

\$27.50 Jackets at \$10.00.
15.00 " " 7.50.
10.00 " " 5.00.

\$18.00 Electric Seal and Astrachan Capes, \$10.00.

For Book lovers. A few more Sets of "Dickens," 15 volumes, \$1.98. Also the "Waverley Novels," 12 volumes, same price.

MALLEY-NEELY & CO.

New Haven, Friday, Jan. 25, 1895.
The weather to-day—Likely to be fair.

TELEPHONE No. 32.

Fifth Day Of Shirts

No "tie up" of Trolley lines in New Haven, thank fortune. It has been "Trolley" and Trade all the week with us. Lots of people have "tied up" to big store trade. We've got the figures for that statement.

On account of this week's Annual Shirt Sale with the worst of prices on the best of goods, women have bought more for men than they have for themselves. [We except Monday and Tuesday with "Extra No. 3" in force with Silks and Dress Goods. They that bought will understand.] Monday was a big all around day in spite of the rain, and the other days were naturally bigger without the rain.

Selling Shirts, "done up" and undone, white and colored, cotton or woolen, for balls or base ball, for sleeping or hustling, ready made or made ready. Selling collars and cuffs, suspenders and stockings at prices that pry open the purses with gracious ease. Been to the Sale? Two days left.

Men's Furnishing Department.



The Cotton King rules the market with "Langdon '76," at 6 1/4 c. a yard. "Dwight Anchor," at 6 1/2 c. a yard. "Pride of the West," at 10 c. yard. Two days, Friday and Saturday.

Linen Court.

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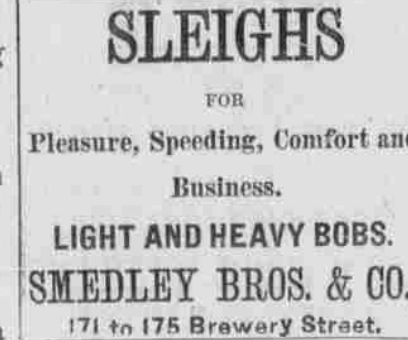
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Provisions, &c.

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Fresh Twice Each Week.
GILBERT & THOMPSON.

Bryden's East Rock Tea Store.

973 State Street, near Edwards.
GOLD HAND OR BURLAP decorated cup and saucer given with every half pound of Tea. Also very handsome presents with every pound, to say nothing of the quality of our Tea and Coffee, which is superlative.

You Are Tired

OF FRESH FOOD.
Try our Fancy Smoked Haddock. Slice it—then it will tempt you.
Most delicious. A Smoked Pinner Haddock to broil or to boil, 12 1/2c lb.
Brace your appetite with a Smoked Bloaters Herring, 10c lb.
For a lunch, an Ocean Spray and a bit of Boneless Herring, 10c per tin.
Nothing better for breakfast than a fine fat Mackerel. No. 2, 3 for 25c; No. 2 Norways, 1 lb. 25c.
Fancy 2 lb. Norway Bloaters, 25c lb.
Small 2 and 3 lb. H. Cod, Diamond Wedge Cod is pure and absolutely boneless. Fibred Cod makes your Ocean Codfish in a minute and Fish Cakes in 10 minutes. Always ready.
E. E. NICHOLS, 378 State St.
Telephone 512-5

Full Dressed Turkeys

18 cents per pound.
FRESH EGGS
30 cents per doz.,

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WASHBURN CROSBY CO.
"SUPERLATIVE."

The Leading Bread Flour of the World.

J. D. DEWELL & CO.,

Wholesale Agents
239 State Street, New Haven.

Rare and Choice

FRUIT. Hothouse Grapes and Tomatoes.
Fresh Florida Pineapples, Grape Fruit, Tangerines and Navel Oranges; warranted Ripe and of the best quality.
Judson's Fruit Store,
867 Chapel street, Exchange Building.

Those \$9.48 Coats

Are well worth your immediate attention. They're not a lot of shopworn goods carried along from year to year, but are this season's styles—Boucle, Cheviots, etc.

Remember also that they're about HALF PRICE.

HOWE & STETSON.

Buy your Market Supplies
For The Holidays
Where you get the Best Value for Your Money.

Our market is emphatically that place.
WE OFFER THIS WEEK:
Choice Beef and Mutton,
Delicious Fat Poultry,
All kinds of Game, domestic and foreign,
Vegetables and Fruits.